

O D E
T O
K
D R A G O N,

Mr. GARRICK's House-dog,

A T
H A M P T O N.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

MDCCCLXXVII.

O D E

T O

D R A G O N

Mr. Garrison's Horse

T O

H A M P T O N

L O N D O N

PRINTED FOR T. CARBELL, IN THE STRAITS

MELBOURNE

O D E
T O
D R A G O N,
Mr. GARRICK's House-dog,
A T
H A M P T O N.

I.

DRAGON! since lyrics are the mode,
To thee I dedicate my Ode,

And reason good I plead:

Are those who cannot write, to blame

To dedicate their hopes of fame,

To those who cannot read?

B

II.

O cou'd I, like that nameless wight *,
Find the choice minute when to write,
The *mollia tempora fandi* !
Like his, my muse should learn to whistle
A true *Heroical Epistle*,
In strains which never can die.

III.

Father of lyrics, tuneful HORACE !
Can thy great shade do nothing for us
To mend the British lyre ?
One luckless bard has broke the strings,
Seiz'd the scar'd muses, pluck'd their wings,
And put out all their fire.

* See the admirable Epistle to Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

ODE TO DRAGON.

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IV.

DRAGON, thou tyrant of the yard,
Great namefake of that furious guard
That watch'd the fruits Hesperian!
Thy choicer treasures safely keep,
Nor snatch one moment's guilty sleep,
Fidelity's criterion.

V.

O DRAGON! change with me thy fate,
To me give up thy place and state,
And I will give thee mine:
I, left to think, and thou to feed!
My mind enlarg'd, thy body freed,
How blest *my* lot and *thine*!

VI.

Then shalt thou scent the rich regale
Of Turtle and diluting Ale

Nay, share the fav'ry bit ;
And see, what thou hast never seen,
For thou hast but at HAMPTON been,
A feast devoid of wit.

VII.

Oft shalt thou snuff the smoaking venison,
Devour'd, *alone*, by gorging denizen,
So fresh, thou'lt long to tear it ;
Tho' FLACCUS † tells a diff'rent tale
Of social souls who chose it stale,
Because their *friends* shou'd share it.

† Rancidum aprum antiqui laudabant : non quia natus
illis nullus erat, sed, credo, hac mente, quod hospes
Tardius adveniens, vitiatum commodius, quam

VIII.

And then on me what joys wou'd wait,

Were I the guardian of thy gate,

How useless bolt and latch!

How vain were locks, and bars how vain,

To shield from harm the household train

Whom I, from love, wou'd watch!

IX.

Not that 'twou'd crown with joy my life,

That BOWDEN, or that BOWDEN's wife,

Brought me my daily pickings:

Tho' she suspends the scales of Fate,

And deals the scanty mortal date

To turkeys and to chickens!

Integrum edax dominus confumeret. Hos utinam inter

Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset.

HOR. lib. ii. sat. 2.

X.

Tho' fir'd with innocent ambition
BOWDEN *, great Nature's rhetorician,
More flow'rs than BURKE produces;
And tho' he's skill'd more roots to find,
Than ever fill'd an Hebrew's mind,
And better knows their uses,

XI.

I'd get my master's ways by rote,
Ne'er wou'd I bark at ragged coat,
Nor tear the tatter'd finner;
Like him, I'd love the Dog of merit,
Carefs the cur of broken spirit,
And give them all a dinner.

* Mr. GARRICK's gardener.

ODE TO DRAGON.

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XII.

I'd copy too his blue-ey'd Wife,

A very Pallas on my life,

Yet I've a doubt just started——

For what shou'd Pallas have to do

With Venus, and her Cestus too?

Indeed they shou'd be parted.

XIII.

Whene'er I heard the ratt'ling coach

Proclaim their long-desir'd approach,

How wou'd I haste to greet 'em!

Nor ever feel I wore a chain,

Till, starting, I perceiv'd with pain,

I cou'd not fly to meet 'em.

XIV.

The master loves his sylvan shades,

Here, with the nine melodious maids,

His choicest hours are spent :

Yet I shall hear some witling cry,

(Such witling from my presence fly !)

“ GARRICK will soon repent :

XV.

“ Again you’ll see him, never fear ;

“ Some half a dozen times a year

“ He still will charm the age ;

“ Accustom’d long to be admir’d,

“ Of shades and streams he’ll soon be tir’d,

“ And languish for the stage.”

XVI.

Peace!——To his solitude he bears
 The full-blown fame of thirty years ;
 He bears a nation's praise :
 He bears his lib'ral, polish'd mind,
 His worth, his wit, his sense refin'd ;
 He bears his grove of Bays.

XVII.

When others drop the heart-felt tear,
 Because this Sun has left his sphere,
 And set at highest noon ;
 I'll drop a tear as warm, as true,
 I lov'd his beams as well as you,
 And mourn they're set so soon.

XVIII.

But all in vain his orb he quits,
Still there, in Memory's eye, he fits,
And will, till Time be done:
For he shall shine while Taste survives,
And he shall shine while Genius lives,
A never-setting Sun.

THE END.

23 JY 68

